

FROM
DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE
TO
OFFICIAL INDICATED BELOW

STAT

4 SEP 1987

*Swat by a friend
the New Zone
mind sets*

- ☐ See me
- ☐ Note and return
- ☐ For your recommendation
- ☐ Prepare reply and return for my signature
- ☐ Respond over your signature
- ☐ What are the facts?
- ☐ Please handle
- ☐ Hold

Remarks: _____

The oval fort built by Nizam Shah still stands today, in the centre of modern Hyderabad, and bears very little evidence of the skirmishes that have taken place outside the one-kilometre circumference of its walls. Around them, traffic moves ceaselessly. Horse-drawn carts mingle with more elaborate six-seater landaus. A whole local industry is given over to carriage-making and the craftsmen are renowned for their painstaking attention to detail. It is an absorbing experience to watch a master at work embossing a huge wooden wheel with bright nails and chrome, or curving intricate designs into the tailboard of a landau.

*Opposite: Crowded Hyderabad
vintage 1914 clock tower*

ER 87-4220X

The route out of Hyderabad at first takes you westwards, crossing the Indus at Kotri on a huge combined road-and-rail bridge about 400 yards (365 metres) long. Here, on the banks of the river, water-melons are cultivated in great abundance as they have been since time immemorial. It is interesting that the Spanish word for water-melon, *sandia*, is a colloquial adaptation of 'Sind'. The fruit was originally brought from here to Spain more than one thousand years ago when the Arabs ruled over an empire that stretched from the Indian Ocean to the western Mediterranean.

After Kotri, the road turns southwards, still following the Indus. To the east the land stretches away green and fertile, well-irrigated by canals and providing a favourable environment for such crops as wheat, cotton and tobacco. The southern route, however, quickly brings you to a flat, monotonous, sandy desert. This is the Sind which one writer has described as a land of many silences: 'Silence of the desert and the immensity of light without shade; silence as of drowsy forenoon of those peaceful stretches of the river that have no allurements for the fisher; silence more solemn of the dreary wastes where the river joins the sea on a lonely coast.' It is also the Sind of mystics and saints whose bones now lie interred within its earth beneath a multitude of tombs. And it is the Sind of great and gifted poets like Shah Abdul Latif who in the early eighteenth century wrote:

All speak of the open path,
I want one who suggests the complex one.
Go not near the open road,
Seek after the complex one,
Suffer tribulation and come out raimentless.

Only rare ones enter the complex path;
The abode of the beloved is confusion for men.
They that walk the wilds
Are never misled;
Who walk the open road
Get plundered on the way.



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